

The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1883.

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6d. Stamped.

WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. Artists: Miss Mary Davies, Miss Lea, and M^{me} Antoinette Sterling; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Maybrick, and Mr Barrington Foote. Pianoforte—M^{me} Sophie Menter. Violin—M^{me} Norman-Néruda. The South London Choral Association, under the direction of Mr L. C. Venables, Conductor—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Tickets, 4s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.: of Austin, St James's Hall; and Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S SONGS
at the BALLAD CONCERT. The following Songs by this celebrated Composer, will be sung on Wednesday next: "Orpheus with his lute" and Song from *Puissance* (Miss Mary Davies), "Little Maid of Arcadee" (Miss Lea), "The Lost Chord" (M^{me} Antoinette Sterling), "The Distant Shore" and "Sweet-hearts" (Mr Edward Lloyd), "A life that lives for you" (Mr Maybrick), King Henry's Song, with Chorus (Mr Barrington Foote), "Oh, hush thee, my babe" and "Joy to the victors" (South London Choral Association).

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—POPULAR MODERN SONGS
at the BALLAD CONCERT: "In the North Country," by Marzials (Miss Mary Davies); "Waiting for the King" (Miss Lea); "Always together," by Molloy (M^{me} Antoinette Sterling); "The Romany Lass," by Stephen Adams (Mr Edward Lloyd); "The Midshipmite" (Mr Maybrick); "Three Merry Men," by Molloy (Mr Barrington Foote).

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—M^{me} SOPHIE MENTER will perform the following pieces at the BALLAD CONCERT: "Fleurs Fanées" (Liszt); *Serenade Espagnole* (Ketten); and *Valse in A flat* (Chopin).

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—M^{me} NORMAN-NÉRUDA will perform Two Favourite Solos at the BALLAD CONCERT.

ST JAMES'S HALL.—BURNS' BIRTHDAY COM-MEMORATION CONCERT, THURSDAY next, Jan. 25th, Eight o'clock. Artists: Miss Agnes Ross, Miss Effie Clementa, Miss Edith Phillips, Miss Beata Francis, and M^{me} Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Walter Clifford, and Mr Sims Reeves. Mr H. A. Lambeth's Balmoral Choir is especially engaged for this Festival Concert. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr HENRY A. LAMBETH. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., 2s., and 1s., at Austin's Office, St James's Hall; and usual Agents.

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ON THURSDAY Morning next, Jan. 25, a Special Performance of "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" will take place for the BENEFIT of the WIDOW of the late CHARLES LAMB KENNEY. The following ladies and gentlemen have kindly given their services: Mr and Mrs Arthur Stirling, Messrs Herman Vezin, John Maclean, Beerholm Tree, Edmund Lyons, Fred. Terry, and Henry Neville; Miss Rosa Kenney, Miss Vane Featherstone, and Miss Florence Boucicault (niece of Dion Boucicault).
Mr Fernandez has also kindly consented to deliver an ADDRESS, written by H. S. Leigh.

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"MEMORIES SWEET AND SAD."

THE much admired Song, "MEMORIES SWEET AND SAD," Words by Mrs BAINES, Music by W. H. HOLMES, will be sung by Mr CHARLES ABEROROMBIE, at St James's Hall, on Friday next, Jan. 26th.

"HIDE AND SEEK."

MISS ALICE KEAN will sing GEORG ASCH's new Song, "HIDE AND SEEK," at Morley Hall, Hackney, Jan. 26th.

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NEW MUSIC.

(Continued from page 22.)

The songs issued by Messrs Keppel & Co. are well worthy of attention. Among them we find two by Thomas Anderson—"The Old Lych Gate" and the "Rustic Wedding." The composer's name is a guarantee for musicianship, but without this the works in question would make their way, the one by its simple pathos, the other by the cheery manner in which it tells a story of rustic love. Perhaps the second of the two is better adapted for general favour than the other. It is just one of the things that "take." Mr. Blumenthal has written "Our ships at Sea" and "When the house is still," both of which display some of his best-known and most admired characteristics. The first contrasts weary waiting for the wanderer's return with the hopes that went out with him, and is a powerful song, full of deep feeling, and animated, in one episode, with a genuine dramatic spirit. The second, made known by the singing of Madame Enriquez, belongs to those unpretending yet artistic effusions which go straight to the heart. The next pair are by Frederick N. Löhr. Of these, "For ever faithful" is a smoothly-written love song, with no very distinguishing characteristics. The second, "It cannot be," seems to us much more worth attention, because marked by special features, cleverly written, and effective. It may safely be recommended to sopranos or tenors. "Lost and Found," by George Fox, is a touching story of an orphan child, so set to music as that the singer may produce the full effect of which it is capable. The same composer's "Uncle Toby"—Toby is the well-known member of Mr Punch's company—strikes a different and a lighter chord, and is admirably adapted for Christmas gatherings where there are children to please. Pinsuti's "Never Forgotten," a love song distinguished by intense expression, and A. H. Behrend's "Tell her from me," may be bracketed together as good specimens of their class, easy to sing and certain of effect, as much on account of appropriate music as of a subject that never loses its charm. J. L. Roeckel's "Lord Mayor Whittington" tells the immortal story of Bow Bells in pleasant fashion, and with a smack of old-fashioned heartiness most befitting; while "The Outpost Guard," by Osborne Williams, has the bold and manly tone required by such a theme. Baritone and basses fond of a stirring song may do worse than look at this. "I loved a lass," by Wilfred Bendall, boasts George Wither as its poet, and he may be congratulated on having, as a composer, one who possesses a sense of fitness. Mr Bendall's music is cleverly written, in free imitation of seventeenth century style, and really displays great merit. On this account we regard the song as most interesting. Cotford Dick's "Gates of Paradise" tells a story of the love that conquers death, and the mercy that accepts repentance, in impressive fashion. Very different, yet equally good, is J. E. Mallandaine's "Life like ours," a pretty canzonet of genuine charm. Among Messrs Keppel's pianoforte music we observe a valse caprice, "Mignon," by M. Watson, which, while not too difficult, is effective.

The music recently published by Messrs Enoch & Sons includes some attractive light pieces for the pianoforte. There is, for example, a brilliant transcription by Boyton Smith of Milton Wellings' popular song, "Golden Love," and another from the same hand of "Dreaming," which also appears in the form of a waltz, by G. Lamothe. The waltz is very pretty, and by no means difficult. The *Chez Nous* waltz, by Gustave Diaz, belongs to the same category, as does the *Golden Love* waltz, by Lamothe. This last is more danceable than the general run of waltzes based upon vocal melodies. Frank L. Smith's *Hornpipe* polka is capital in accent and spirit, and will be a favourite in every ball-room where it gains an introduction. The songs lately issued by Messrs Enoch & Sons are numerous, and have a *prima facie* claim upon notice by reason of the well-known names attached to them. Joseph L. Roeckel is the author of five, one of these, "As a Dream when one awaketh," forming part of a series of "Sunday Songs." It is an unpretending, yet tender and touching strain, full of faith and hope. "The Grey Mare" belongs to the popular set of "Proverbs in Song," written by F. E. Weatherly. Its story of the three young men of Ware is most amusingly told, and Mr Roeckel has caught the fun of the thing and skilfully embodied it in his music. This is the song for a merry Christmas party. "Two Grey Eyes" might well serve as its encore piece, for here, also, Mr Roeckel has set bright and pleasant strains to cheery words. "Of Course" follows on the same track. Such pieces as these—refined in their humour, and none the less amusing because refined—are things to be encouraged until the time comes when all of us can find our highest joy in

classic art. By that period, we imagine, the copyright will have expired. Four songs by Milton Wellings are "Tell me again," a tuneful and simple ditty; "So Little, so Much," a pretty and expressive song of love requited; "Forget, Forgive," which has an effective flute or violin *obbligato*; and "Dreaming," which is the best of the four, and admirable in its varied, powerful expression. "Twelfth Night," by Cotford Dick, is a good, merry song for Christmastide, with a touch of tenderness in it that becomes the season quite as well as boisterous gaiety. The same author has written "Day by Day," which, in its more ornate way, echoes the sentiment of "John Anderson, my Jo"; "Trusting" and "The Kingdom Blest"—with organ accompaniment, *ad lib*—one of many imitations of "The Lost Chord," and not the least successful. "Paradise Square," by F. N. Löhr, tells the humble story of a cobbler, and tells it well; but Mr Löhr rises higher in his "Out on the Deep," a bold, vigorous, effective, and musically song of the sea; with which may be coupled Ciro Pinsuti's "Minute Gun"—a work full of artistic merit. "The Man o' Airlie," by Malcolm Lawson, is another hearty and generous song in praise of an honest heart; and "Ages Ago" is by Mr F. H. Cowen, whose name would sufficiently recommend it if we had not space to tell of its modest sweetness.

Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co. are the publishers of some part-songs that will be found worth notice by families and choral societies. "The Rose and Lily Bell" is in two parts, for female voices, with pianoforte accompaniment. Its music, by Ernest Ford, combines easiness with expression, and, which is more difficult, with artistic interest. "Reading Abbey," for four voices, by Frank L. Moir, is rather a harmonized melody than a part-song, but its strains anent the "monks of old" will be found neither dull nor crude. In "O Salutaris Hostia" Mr Frederick Westlake presents some grave and scholarly religious music, and Mr Henry Leslie's "Who is the angel that cometh?" shows that experienced composer at his best. It is an important piece, alike in dimensions and character, and deserves a place in every choral society's repertoire. "Liberty," a dramatic chorus having "A Song of Ancient Rome" as its sub-title, bears the name of Eaton Faning, and in several respects does credit to a rising composer. It is somewhat elaborate, but will repay labour. In a setting of six little poems by Heine amateurs will find a good deal to interest them; but why Mr Arthur Hervey, the composer, should call his work *Sechs Liebeslieder*, instead of "Six Love Songs," does not clearly appear, any more than does the general reason for polyglot titles. The pianoforte music of this firm comprises a *Süchisches Lied für Piano von Ignatz Gibsone*, who, we believe, is not a German. Like all Mr Gibsone's music, this piece is well laid out, interesting, and effective. Moreover, it affords capital exercise in "singing" a melody divided between the two hands. A *Second Scherzo* by Walter Macfarren deserves the attention of connoisseurs of high-class music, who will find it to their taste. Mr Macfarren is also the author of a *Menuet Impromptu*, which may fairly be described as successful. A *Scherzetto* by Maude V. White will suit less advanced players, and please them, too, by its joyous life. Miss White's song, "Frithjof's Gesang," appeals only to those who can sing in German. It illustrates the high aim as well as the high culture of a young composer whose growing success has been well earned. "Welcome Spring," duet for soprano and baritone, by A. Schliebner, is a prize composition from Holland, which must have been an "easy first," unless its rivals were better than good; while in "Romeo's Good-Night," by Marie Corelli, we have a composition full of warmth and feeling. Mr T. Marzials' "Eventide" is a two-part song for female voices, extremely simple and no less engaging. Two voices are required, also, in F. Gumbert's vocal waltz, "Cheerfulness," the very pleasing and effective duet which has been made more or less familiar by the Misses Robertson. Yet another duet is "The Sisters," by Arthur Sullivan, some of whose sweetest and most tuneful music it contains. This easy, yet beautiful piece should go into every musical home.

The repute of Messrs Francis Brothers & Day for light and pleasing pianoforte music is well sustained by the examples now before us. These include a *Bourrée* and an *Air de Ballet*, *La Première Danseuse*, by C. Kottaun, which are good examples of their respective class. M. Charles le Thiere is the composer of *L'Oiseau du Bois*, a *polacca de concert*; *Le Charme*, a gavotte; and *Danse des Satyrs*, caprice. We recommend all these to players of moderate capacity, as suiting their means, while good in style, bright, and interesting. A gavotte, by J. C. Dunster, is easy, and faithfully true to a model which has recently become so popular. Another gavotte, *La Zingare*, by Warwick Williams, deserves commendation for like reasons, and the same composer's *Marche des Héros*, if containing nothing new, is bold and effective. The dance music of this firm is abundant and good. We mention the following as among the best examples: *Fun of the Fair* quadrille, by Warwick Williams;

Masonic waltz, by C. Godfrey; *Bon Jour* polka, by Kottaun; the *Bonne Chance* polka, by C. Godfrey; and the *Aux Wiederschen* waltz, by Caroline Lowthian. A hunting song, "Gone away," by W. Williams, has the true spirit and "go" of the chase, while in "Geraldine," a ballad by W. C. Levey, there is a full allowance of the sentiment proper to this class of composition.—D. T.

(To be continued.)

LA MUSICA ITALIANA E LA MUSICA TEDESCA.*

(Concluded from page 21.)

Quanto al *Quartetto*, è ben vero che, con la pubblicazione, egli percorse di due anni il nostro Boccherini; ma in que' primi suoi lavori egli seguì i tentativi de' suoi predecessori tedeschi: l'Haendel e il Telemann. E nei primi del Boccherini invece, è aperta novità di forme e di intenti; in essi la melodia è improntata di passioni; gli accordi seguono costantemente (non i libri di scuola) ma l'indole delle cantilene; gli intrecci delle parti sono naturali, sono ricami di melodie. Il meraviglioso sviluppo che ebbe in Germania quella forma dell'arte e con l'Haydn stesso, col Mozart, col Beethoven, col Mendelssohn ecc., ha le radici, non già nei primi lavori dell'Haydn, ma bensì nei primi del Boccherini.

Pel soggetto nostro, a proposito del Mozart, basterà dire che, ricco di disposizioni e di doti, più uniche che maravigliose, volle studiare in Italia; che scrisse quasi tutte le sue opere, e le più belle, su libretti italiani; che comprese tutta la bellezza della nostra *canto*; e che ne studiò il carattere con così gran frutto, da informare ad esso la fantasia e persino i getti spontanei dell'estro; e che col nostro *canto* portò nella musica tedesca un pregio del quale (se si eccettuano alcuni accenni del Bach, e più dell'Haydn) andò priva fino allora: vogliamo dire la *grazia*; pregio pel quale il Mozart è unico. E la *grazia* (giova ricordarlo oggi) è uno degli elementi più necessari del bello.

Il Beethoven non può dirsi allievo nè dell'Haydn, nè del Salieri. Come racconta il Salieri stesso, Beethoven con incredibili fatiche, studiò da sé, e studiò quasi unicamente sulle opere del Mozart. E l'arte italiana, così diffusa nelle opere del Mozart, s'infiltrò pure in quelle del Beethoven; e per convincersene basta un semplice esame a' primi suoi lavori.

Coi grandi compositori tedeschi, de' quali si disse sin qui, ne sorsero altri due che hanno nell'arte, e meritamente, un gran nome, ma che vi esercitarono però un'azione assai più piccola: il Gluck e il Weber.

Al Gluck, che studiò in Milano col Sammartini, si attribuisce generalmente il merito d'aver tolto il melodramma dalle povere condizioni di un perpetuo *vocalizzo*, in cui l'avevano mutato i cantanti, per portarlo alla obbedienza delle parole e alla espressione delle passioni e degli affetti. Ma qui egli non ha veramente altro merito che quello di avere abbracciato un'idea buona, ma già nota e di averla francamente professata. Imperocchè quei principii estetici ch'egli mise fuori intorno alla metà del secolo passato, e che s'ebbero come nuovi, erano quei medesimi che furono base alla *riforma fiorentina*. E del resto poco prima del Gluck, si richiamarono a que' principii il Rameau e il Rousseau in Francia, e in Italia il Traetta.

Ricaduto il melodramma tedesco coll'Hasse, col Winter e col Weigl nella servile imitazione dell'italiano, il Weber con ardito esempio di indipendenza, lo informò di nuovo a' principii del Gluck, e lo rifecce tedesco trasportandolo nel campo del fantastico e del soprannaturale. Di suo non ebbe in ciò il Weber che la bella e ricca e poetica e originale sua fantasia. Ma il fondo della sua dottrina, come abbiamo accennato, veniva coll'abate Vogler dal padre Vallotti, e il fondo del suo sistema melodrammatico veniva dall'Italia.

Questo quadro del cammino percorso dalla musica tedesca, e nel quale vediamo l'arte nostra tener sempre un posto elevatissimo, e aprire sempre nuove vie, e farsi sempre insegnatrice, non è in nessuna storia nè in nessuna Enciclopedia, nè in nessun Dizionario; ma è esattamente e fedelmente storico in tutto. E ci siam tenuti ai sommi capi. Chè l'ufficio di maestra, tenuto dall'arte nostra per un così lungo corso di anni, per secoli, si distese a tutti i rami dell'arte; dai sistemi filosofici e speculativi ai trattati ed ai libri elementari: dalle forme e dal disegno delle composizioni alla costruzione degli strumenti, alla fabbricazione delle corde ecc.

I musicisti italiani insegnarono tutto a tutti! *Insegnarono!* E poi fecero come disse il Delescluze:—"Gli Italiani de' giorni nostri fanno dell'arte musicale quel medesimo governo che de' poderi gli affittaiuoli di mala fede, quand'è per scadere il termine della locazione: diboscano, recidono, portano via il più o il meglio che possono, cessano dai buoni modi di cultura, sfruttano e smungono il terreno, mandando ogni cosa in rovina."

E della rovina oggi i musicisti italiani paiono beatissimi. E paiono del pari beatissimi d'essersi fatti di maestri, allievi. Della antica nostra grandezza non solamente non sanno, ma non vogliono

sapere. *Roba che ha fatto il suo tempo*, van gridando. Non pensando e non sentendo che tutta intera la dignità dell'arte musicale dipende dal culto e dalla venerazione del passato. Dimenticata la storia, lasciate le opere, man mano che invecchiano, negli scaffali delle biblioteche, tirati giù di seggio, perchè vecchi, i grandi maestri e i padri dell'arte, si domanda di dove caverà la musica gli elementi necessari alla sua vita, al suo sviluppo e a' suoi progressi? E si domanda con quali criteri si potranno distinguere i Rossini, i Verdi, i Wagner e i Gounod, dai compositori, oggi festeggiatissimi, di quelle laide cose che sono le operette; e con quali criteri si potrà distinguere il Sivori dagli strimpellatori che corrono il caffè e le birrerie? No che quella *vecchia roba* non ha fatto il suo tempo; no che quegli antichi maestri non hanno perduto valore. Quella *vecchia roba* è la base, la pie ra angolare del sacro tempio dell'arte: quei vecchi maestri sono i sacerdoti veri di questa religione, sono la storia sempre vivente e sempre vera di codesta epopea!

E passiamo alla seconda quistione.

Gli italiani sono specialmente chiamati alla *melodia* e al *canto*. E infatti i nostri compositori portarono lo svolgimento di que' due principalissimi elementi dell'arte a un ultimo grado di eccellenza, con una spontaneità e con una facilità del pari mer vigliose.

Ma, se questo è vero, non è però che sia vero nel senso e nella misura che van dicendo ora i musicisti stranieri in generale e, in particolare e con maggiore e più aperta intenzione di spregio, i così detti *avveniristi*. Pei quali, noi siamo melodici e cantiamo, in que precisi termini che sono melodici e che cantano gli usignuoli; perchè la natura ci ha fatto così. E qualificando i pregi della melodia e del canto come secondari affatto e quasi puerili, concludono poi che, per natura del pari, la nostra intelligenza musicale non passa che ben poco più in là delle forme simmetriche e degli effetti acustici; che non sappiamo penetrare ne' misteri della dottrina e della scienza; che le ricche e studiate compagini dell'armonia, del contrappunto e della strumentazione ci riescono dure e senza senso; e che nell'arte, insomma, siamo fanciulli; non interamente destituiti di buone attitudini, non ottusi proprio proprio, ma fanciulli.

S'intende non saper la storia, o volerla dimenticare!

Ma che forse non erano italiani: Guido, il Gaffurio, Marchetto, Zarlino, il Galilei e il padre Banchieri, e via via mol i altri che fecero tanto e tanto bene intorno all'assetto teorico e scientifico dell'arte? Non erano italiani gli Animuccia, il Ferrabosco, il Festa, il Porta, il Della Viola, che seppero alzarsi dalla folla de' compositori fiamminghi e mettersi al fianco de' più lodati? Non erano italiani il Palestrina e il principe della Venosa? Non italiani lo Scarlatti, il Durante, il Leo, il Marcello, che son tenuti maestri solenni in tutte le scuole?

E in ordine ad artifizii per artifizii e a difficoltà superate, han forse qualche cosa gli stranieri da poter confrontare con le composizioni a trenta e a quaranta *parti reali* dell'Agostini; con le *Messe* a dodici cori (quarantotto parti) del Bellabene del Benévolo e del Giansetti; coi *Canon*i a cinquanta e a sessanta parti del Soriano e del Valentini; con le due, le tre e le quattro *Fughe* in una e coi tre *Oratorii* in uno dei Raimondi?

Oltre che per le felici disposizioni della natura, nella melodia e nel canto gli Italiani superarono i compositori di tutte le altre nazioni, anche per questo che furono i primi a mettersi per quella via; i primi a sentire che gli artifizii, per quanto ingegnosamente e dottamente condotti, non hanno per sé stessi nessun vero e fermo valore artistico. Perchè il fine dell'arte è il *commuovere*; e nulla di più provato e di più certo in estetica, che gli artifizii potranno soddisfare in certo modo e anche, se si vuole, dilettare; ma *commuovere*, non mai.

Nè il precorrere e quasi d'un secolo, che facero in questo gli italiani, deve recare meraviglia a chi ha l'occhio alla storia, e sa quale fervore di studi fosse in Italia nel secolo XVI, e quali miracoli operassero la arti belle.

I musicisti italiani indirizzarono l'arte alla melodia e al canto, non già per obbedire alle speciali loro disposizioni (che speciali ed elette si seppero poi), ma per impulso diretto del sentimento estetico.

E se il sentimento estetico dominante in Italia nel Cinquecento meritasse e meriti fede, lo dicono le opere poetiche e letterarie, i monumenti dell'architettura, e i dipinti, le statue che esso ha ispirati; e lo dicono i nomi del Palladio, del Bramante, di Raffaello, di Michelangiolo, di Leonardo, del Domenichino, del Tiziano, del Cellini, ecc. che, dopo tre secoli, sono ancora, e insuperati, i nomi dei veri maestri, e dei veri grandi.

E se quel sentimento estetico meritasse e meriti fede anche nella sua applicazione all'arte musicale, lo dice il piano universale e secolare con cui furono accolte le opere Italiane; lo dice la spontaneità con cui la scuola italiana venne seguita da tutte le altre, lo dice il consentimento de' filosofi e degli scrittori d'estetica di tutte le nazioni.

E però: Torniamo all'antico e sarà un progresso.

G. A. BIAGGI.

* From the *Gazzetta dei Teatri*, (Milan).

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts are now in their seventeenth season, with every prospect of a continuance of the success that has long been obtained for them by the active and judicious management of the director. The first concert of the year took place at St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 6, when an attractive selection of songs and ballads was effectively rendered by Misses M. Davies, Damian, and Larkcom, Mrs Hutchinson, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Santley, Barrington Foote, and Maybrick. The novelties were Stephen Adams' "The Romany Lass," Molloy's "Quaker Cousins" and "Three Merry Men," and Marzials' "In the North Countree," the singers being Messrs Lloyd, Santley, Foote, and Miss Davies. Part-singing by the members of the South London Choral Association was, as usual, a feature in the programme, which also included instrumental performances by Mme Norman-Néruda (violin), and Mme Sophie Menter (pianoforte). The house was crowded from floor to roof. The second morning performance took place on Wednesday, Jan 17, with Misses Mary Davies and Lea, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Messrs Edward Lloyd, Maybrick, and Barrington Foote as singers, Mme Norman-Néruda as violinist, and Mme Sophie Menter as pianist. The concert gave perfect satisfaction, Miss Davies, Mme Sterling, and Mr Lloyd being called upon to repeat several ballads. Mme Néruda created quite a sensation by her performance of Ernst's beautiful "Elégie, sur la mort d'un objet cheri." The accomplished violinist was twice called back to the platform at the conclusion. Mr Sidney Naylor accompanied the singers at both concerts.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It being rumoured that I have taken the above theatre in the interest of the Alhambra Company, may I ask you to state that such is not the case, so that the numerous shareholders and others interested may not be misled.—I am, sir, yours obediently,

FRED. C. LEADER.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our Correspondent.)

The sixth orchestral concert was one of the grandest of the season, when Sophie Menter made her first appearance at these concerts. The performance opened with a very pretty rendering of Mendelssohn's concert overture, *Melusina* (Op. 32), which was played for the first time in Glasgow, followed by a selection from the music in Schubert's *Rosamunde*, and again by Wagner's prelude in A to *Lohengrin*. Then should have followed Liszt's concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, No. 1, in E flat, but by some accident Mme Menter did not arrive at the concert-room in time to play the composition in the place stated in the programme, so that Mr Manns had, instead, to take the first number of part second, Schumann's Symphony, No. 4, in D minor (Op. 120). The execution of this grand symphony is most assuredly the finest I have yet heard, all the inner and intricate parts of the different movements having been clearly brought out. It was quite evident that Mr Manns and his orchestra had taken great pains in rehearsing it, and they were rewarded by the audience listening most attentively and bestowing marked applause at its termination. This was all the more complimentary as the symphony is in some parts not easily followed. The second part was commenced by Sophie Menter giving Liszt's concerto above mentioned. Her marvellous playing, especially her execution, are so well known that I need not take up your space in repeating what has been so often recorded, suffice it to say that on no occasion have I heard her play with more dash and ease than on this evening. It need not be added that at the end of the concerto she received a great ovation from the thousands present. As to the music itself, I confess I cannot like it—there are moments when piece and quietness reign and an attractive melody is introduced, but that is soon left to return to the exaggerated ornamentation for which Liszt is so famous. The rest of the programme consisted of pianoforte solos by Mme

Menter from the works of Scarlatti and Chopin and Liszt's setting of Schubert's *Erl King*: a trifling intermezzo for strings; "Forget me not," by Mr Macbeth's choir; and the ballet airs from *Carmen*. At the last Saturday popular concert the symphony was Beethoven's "Pastoral," and the other instrumental pieces included Weber's overture, *Der Freischütz*, Rossini's *Semiramide*, and Mozart's "Romance for Strings." Miss Elly Warnots was the vocalist, and Miss Nina Buziau made a most favourable début as a pianist.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Andran's *Gillette de Narbonne* was brought out with success on Saturday evening, at the Theatre. The local press eulogizes it up to the skies. The house was crowded, and every one seemed pleased to hear a new opera-comique from the pen of the composer of *La Mascotte*. I will not venture upon details of the—to put it in the mildest form—very peculiar plot, but remark that the music does not resemble much its predecessor; and there are divided opinions as to which should carry the palm. There is no catching air like "Glou, Glou," but there are several duets and choruses which, in a different style, make up the deficiency. As a piece, the situations are exceedingly *drôle*; but it must be thoroughly well acted to make it acceptable. Mlle Geoffroy, as *Gillette*, and Mlle Leblanc, as *Rosita*, were at their best. M. Rispal (Griffardin), and M. Froment, also pleased, but M. Reberal (Comte Roger) failed, as a singer, to command success—so much so that M. Bérard has engaged M. V. Verdet from the *Bouffes Parisiennes* to appear to-morrow in the part. The *mise-en-scène* and costumes were good, as was the orchestra—so we may put down *Gillette* (or, as I heard it called, *Galette*) de *Narbonne*, as a success. You will, no doubt, hear it in London, in an English dress, very soon.

X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Jan. 17, 1883.

BUFFALO CUS' AND BURGLAR.

BUFFALO CUS' (dropping off to sleep, revolver and candle at bedside).—A good snooz', I calculate (begins to snore).

BURGLAR (on ladder at window).—Asleep, I surmise (tries window).

BUFFALO CUS' (opening one eye and pointing revolver at Burglar).—Get!

BURGLAR (descending ladder rapidly).—You bet.

BUFFALO CUS' (blowing out candle).—I guess.

CAPE TOWN.—The sixth concert of the Philharmonic Society (the last of the season) was given in the Mutual Hall on Thursday evening, Dec. 14. The march from *Tannhäuser*, the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, and Grétry's overture to *La Caravane* were the chief orchestral performances. Cooke's popular duet, "Love and War," was given by Messrs Haybittle and Thompson with much spirit. One of De Beriot's solos introduced a new violin player at these concerts, Mr Israel, who delighted everyone by his exceptional skill. Mr Arroll's singing of Pissuti's song, "If," was the next performance, followed by the opening movement of Hummel's pianoforte trio in E flat (Op. 12), played by Messrs Drummond, Bennett and Hulsteyn. Both the cello and piano parts were too strong for the violin, which, though lacking volume of tone, showed Mr Bennett, by his good position and playing well in time, an apt pupil of Mr Cox. We are pleased, in noticing the next item, to welcome back both Mr and Mrs McKay, the indefatigable secretary and his wife, who have been absent for the last two concerts; and, with all due deference to those in charge during his absence, we are not alone in affirming that their absence has been a material loss to the Society. We had expected a pianoforte solo from Mrs McKay, and never shall forget her fine rendering of Beethoven's First Sonata at one of the Philharmonic Society's earliest concerts. The lady in question was set down for Vincent's song, "After the Storm," which she gave with a good deal of dramatic expression. The pretty song by Mr George Gear, "Sweet Visions," given by Miss Motzer, was well suited to the lady's mellow voice. Great interest was felt and expressed in the violoncello solo by Mr Van Hulsteyn, and in the Rondo from Haydn's pianoforte trio in G (No. 1) rendered very ably by Mrs McKay and Messrs Israel and Roberts. The hall was crowded.

DIBDIN.

A scheme is on foot to fitly commemorate the great English song-writer, Charles Dibdin, by placing a bust of him in Westminster Abbey. The bust already exists; it was paid for by public subscription, and designed for the national mausoleum; but possibly at the last moment the "Life of Dibdin" was taken down from the shelves and rather too critically read, with the result that the sculpture was denied admission into the Abbey, and sent to embellish the interior of Greenwich Hospital. It is now asked that the work should be removed to the place best fitted to receive it; and to this end nothing more is needful than the consent of the Dean of Westminster and the subscription of a few shillings to pay for the washing of the effigy. No Englishman will deny that of all the men who have, whether in music or in literature, greatly and imperishably celebrated the achievements of this country in arms, in arts, in science; who have contributed to its immense intellectual wealth; who have multiplied its patriotic inspirations and enlarged the sphere of harmless and delightful pleasures; few more richly deserve such recognition as a memorial in Westminster Abbey implies than the composer of "Tom Bowling." It may be urged that neither Dibdin nor any other great man requires further perpetuation in memory than his works; and that it is enough to speak of the composer of "Tom Tough" and a score of other sea songs to name the only monument he needs, and the best that could have been erected. This sort of argument will only be quite true when it is universally accepted; but so long as we go on raising memorials to the illustrious dead, and continue to regard Westminster Abbey as the fittest receptacle for the ashes or the effigies of entirely English worthies, so long will complaints be made when it is remembered or discovered that so noble and national a reputation as that of Dibdin is omitted from a catalogue of patriotic monuments on which are inscribed dozens of names having very much less right to be there than his. On what grounds should Dibdin's bust be denied admission? Memorials are raised, not to a man's life, but to his works; were it otherwise there would be few perpetuations outside those of the bookshelf, the picture gallery, and the music shop. It is not the Guiccioli, we suppose, but *Don Juan* and *Cain* and *The Vision of Judgment* that procured the exclusion of Byron; nor could all that Southey whispered about Shelley have kept him out had he been the author of *Peter Bell* instead of *Peter Bell the Third*. But to the songs of Dibdin what conceivable exception can be taken? He himself said of his compositions that they have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, storms, and battles, and that they have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline. Upon the present generation the force of this assurance may be lost; but there must still be hundreds of persons living who will know that Charles Dibdin spoke nothing but the truth, if less than the truth, when he made this memorable declaration.

If there be one class of men to whom the posterity of the English generations are more deeply indebted than to any other, that class must surely be the writers who inspired enthusiasm in the old British fleets by their manly stirring songs, and helped the sailor of his day to those achievements upon which our Imperial greatness almost wholly reposes. A vast change, it is true, has come over the spirit of the marine. Battle tactics are wholly altered; the boarding-pike is as much a relic as the wooden frigate; ages ago the hand-grenade exploded for the last time; if the grappling-irons are not tossed overboard it is certainly not because they are ever again likely to be required; the yard-arm to yard-arm engagement is no longer practicable, not because the yard-arm is a quite exceptional feature of a modern man-of-war's furniture aloft, but because the torpedo and the hundred ton gun make distance an essential condition of a marine conflict. Consequently, one must no longer expect to find any of the old magic of Dibdin's songs surviving. They may be enjoyed as incomparable melodies and as lyrics full of sprightly humour, and a species of pathos that never will and never can go out of fashion; but they must fail as sea-tonics to martial spirits, because they invite to a course of action which Krupp and Sir William Armstrong, and the building yards of Devonport, Pembroke, and other places, have rendered as old-fashioned as the balanced periods of Johnson or the paste buckles of Beau Tibbs. Hence it would not be very surprising to hear that few, if any, of Dibdin's sea songs linger in her Majesty's 'tween decks. "Tom Bowling" will always be popular on the ocean, whilst there is a sailor aloft with faith in his powers as a vocalist; and the bustling strains of "Tom Tough" may be sometimes heard to the accompaniment of a fiddle or a concertina. But with the hundred other sturdy salt-ballads which in former times were roared forth from

the decks of topgallant forecastles amid crowds of sympathetic pig-tailed seamen, who chewed their quids with emotion as they heard again and yet again of the "funk old wooden shoes was in," and of the beating heart with which lovely Sue was awaiting her Jack's return from the wars with his pockets full of prize money and a bottle of rum tied up in a mounseer's silk pocket-handkerchief, we suspect that but few sailors in these times have much acquaintance. The saucy frigate has vanished; the rattling hurrah that followed the shout of "Boarders away!" is hardly ever again likely to be provoked; the jorum of grog has been transformed into the pannikin of cocoa, whilst in the merchant service the only "tap" that the sailor can confidently depend upon is the scuttle-butt; the scene has changed, there are new actors and a new audience. The spectacle we gaze at is assuredly more impressive and more grand, if not more noble, than what our forefathers hurrahed and clapped their hands over; and the stateliness of its strength and the royalty of its equipment demand an orchestra whose strains shall be in accord with the wonderful transformation. The songs of Dibdin were for hearts of oak; to hearts of iron they appeal as an echo of things so remote from current sympathy that they might pass as the voice of a generation which has been buried three hundred years.

Still this great marine change finds the reputation of Dibdin unimpaired, and the sense of gratitude to him for the services rendered by his genius to the cause of our naval arms strong in the grandchildren of the people who were at once inspired and celebrated by his bright words and beautiful melodies. To appreciate his claims upon us for the recognition which should, and we trust will, be accorded in the manner already indicated, it is necessary to go back and think of the Navy as it was when he was in the meridian of his life. There had been no writer and composer of nautical songs worth mentioning before him. What the sailors used to sing in their forecastles before he gave them his stirring lyrics it might be hard to conjecture, were it not rational to suppose that they warbled ditties about shepherds and frisky lambkins, since in these days sentimental ballads of the "Ever for thee" and "Rocked in the cradle of the deep" type are much preferred by Jack to those songs about skippers, mates, union jacks, and best bowers which have been and still are offered to him in large quantities. But Dibdin's songs would fall upon the seamen of his times with something of the force of a revelation. Now and again he might err in his use of technicalities; but, on the whole, to so small a degree that any mariner coming fresh to the story of his life might fairly be astonished to hear that his connection with the sea was limited to his having had a brother who was captain of an East Indiaman. The sailor of his age would hardly quarrel with his small mistakes; the words had a true ring, the melodies were the fittest in the world as vehicles for the dashing, hearty, inspiring messages they had to deliver. The songs, at least, spoke a language Jack would understand; and their truth to nature is abundantly illustrated by their wonderful popularity amongst all classes down to the period when steam and armour-plates gave a new character to the naval calling. His teaching was as wise as it was homely; he could not blink the sailor's infirmities if he was to be true, and so we find an abundance of grog drunk in his jovial strains; but sound sense and solid advice, having regard to the times, underlay and informed all he sang. If Jack was to be a man fit to polish off any number of mounseers he must get rid of all 'long-shore sentimentality: for "What argues pride and ambition! Soon or late death must take us in tow; Each bullet has got its commission, And when our time's come we must go." It is hard to leave Polly, but if Jack gets killed he helps to assuage Polly's grief by enabling her to marry again. "Drink and sing," he says; "hang pain and sorrow: The halter was made for the neck; He that's now living and lusty, to-morrow Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck." One must look back to understand the use of such teaching as this; it might not fit the cocoa and coffee marine morality of these times, and let us be thankful that it is not needed; but it was good philosophy for a generation who were being slaughtered by hundreds for the glory and honour of their country, and who between whiles, when the smoke of the battle hung round, and the decks were scarlet with blood, wanted, whilst they took breath, the stimulus of such loyal enthusiasm as the songs of Dibdin inspired, and the indifference to death which his rollicking philosophy taught them, before they recommenced those enormous and sanguinary struggles which ended in giving England the place in the world that she now holds. If the memory of such a man as this does not deserve the honour which every Englishman would wish to see conferred on it, then assuredly the placing of a bust or the interring of the ashes of a benefactor of his species in the national fane must henceforth count among the ironies of human gratitude, for by every canon of logic one may hold that the honour denied to so great an Englishman as Charles Dibdin ceases to be an honour in its application to any other person.—D. T.

AUGUST WILHELMJ.

Referring to the appearance of the above artist at the concert in the Städtisches Kurhaus, Wiesbaden, on the 15th December, when he played in Europe for the first time since his voyage round the globe, a correspondent of the *Berliner Fremdenblatt* says that the large building was filled to overflowing by a representative audience, anxiously curious as to how their fellow-townsmen would look and play after so long an absence. At length he stood before them, and the correspondent remarks:—

"He struck us as looking fresher and younger than some years ago. Otherwise he presented quite the old powerful individuality, with the genial artistic head reminding one somewhat of Beethoven. Calm, like a statue cut in marble, he stood there and allowed the unexampled outburst of enthusiastic delight to sweep by as though it had nothing to do with himself personally; and then there issued from his instrument sounds that caused the concert-room to be forgotten. It is impossible, in short, to describe such playing. Wilhelmj has gained the power of conception in so individual a manner that even well-known compositions sound new under his interpretation. His travels have exercised a most favourable influence in the development of his powers, which have ripened into independent harmonious significance. He has (many will smile at the assertion) unquestionably progressed! His tone has become something truly phenomenal. So astounding is his executive skill that he "goes on anyhow" with passages of thirds, sixths, octaves, and tenths, as if they were a mere nothing and false notes existed no more. But in everybody's opinion the most effective feature in his playing is at present—the *cantilena*."

Another critic writing to the same paper says among other things:—

"Wilhelmj's tone and executive skill, his absolute and unflinching correctness were always regarded as the *non plus ultra* of virtuosity. . . . In such circumstances who can criticise?"

The notices in the Wiesbaden and Frankfort papers are equally flattering.

W. A. BARRETT'S "BALFE."

(From the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.")

Messrs Remington, of New Bond Street, have recently published a most interesting work, entitled *Balfé, His Life and Work*. The author, Mr W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac., has long since proved his ability and conscientiousness in searching out and verifying facts of importance to musical readers. As joint author with Dr Stainer of the most valuable musical dictionary of our time, he has established his claim on the confidence of the public, who must feel assured beforehand that any work from his accomplished pen will be thoroughly trustworthy. In the present instance, he has enjoyed the advantage of access to special sources of authentic information. It is no secret that in the execution of this work he has been aided by Mme Balfé (widow of the great composer), who has furnished many biographical details which Mr Barrett has turned to good account. In his short and modest preface, he acknowledges valuable assistance received from Sir Robert Stewart, Dr John Dunne, Mr Desmond Ryan, Mr J. W. Davison, and Mr Thomas Chappell, and says that "the information they have generously given has made the task of tracing the remarkable career of Balfé as a man and as a musician easy as well as pleasant." The "easiness" of the task may be estimated from the facts that this volume comprises 307 pages, besides a copious index, and there is scarcely any event of Balfé's career mentioned to which a date is not assigned. The work, while remarkable for painstaking accuracy, is more interesting than most novels. The career of Balfé—especially at its outset—was really romantic, and the story of his life, as told by Mr Barrett in unostentatious but graphic style, will interest thousands of readers at home and abroad. That he takes a highly favourable view of Balfé's genius is only what might be expected. Many are ready to depreciate every native composer, and to sneer at Balfé as a mere ballad writer. Mr Barrett proves that Balfé was much more than this, and predicts that "posterity will bear grateful witness to the worth and value of Balfé's life and work." We concur in that belief, and also believe that posterity will concur with us in regarding Mr Barrett's life of Balfé as a most interesting and valuable contribution to our musical literature.

(From an Italian point of view.)

"Pochi giorni fa è stata scoperta nell'Abazia di Westminster una lapide commemorativa, inalzata alla memoria del celebre musicista anglo-italiano Michele Guglielmo Balfé—morto come ognuno sa or sono dodici anni.

"Il Balfé fu uno dei pochi compositori esteri, che imbevuto delle bellezze della musica italiana, ne abbia sempre conservato un culto religioso ed abbia infuso in tutti i suoi molteplici lavori il gusto eletto e i pregi tutti propri della nostra bella musica, che è stata, e sarà la delizia di tutti i pubblici passati, presenti ed avvenire..... chechè ne dicano.

"Il signor Alessandro Barret—il critico musicale della *Morning Post*—ha pubblicato per l'occasione un libro intitolato: *Balfé his life and Work*, che è una biografia dell'egregio compositore, assai dettagliata e molto ben fatta, e quella che più importa scevra di pregiudizi, o di partito preso. Il libro è pubblicato dai Remington e C., ed è un libro ch'io, umilmente parlando, consiglieri di leggere a tutti i cultori dell'arte d'Euterpe, ed a tutti quelli che amano un lavoro buono, corretto ed istruttivo."—*Fanfulla*.

SPRING'S WELCOME.*

Come, gentle Spring, on balmy wing,
And rove the woodlands through,
With magic wand from fairyland
Tinge skies a brighter blue.
Mid sylvan bowers and budding flowers
Enchant the feathered throng,
Till far and wide, on every side,
Bursts forth the gift of song.
For Cupid waits beside the gates
That guard each silent grove,
To bask awhile beneath thy smile,
And flood the earth with love.

The purling brook in bosky nook
Set free from Winter's wile,
With silver sheen, through meadows green,
Will leap to greet thy smile.
O'er hill and dale the perfumed gale
Will waft Love's subtle darts,
From every grove where thou dost rove,
To wound young maidens' hearts.
For Cupid waits beside the gates
That guard each silent grove,
To bask awhile beneath thy smile,
And flood the earth with love.

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WEISTAR.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

St. James's Hall, London.
January, 1883.

The Directors of the Philharmonic Society have great pleasure in announcing that, at a special general meeting of the members, it has been unanimously resolved that a limited number (100) of ladies and gentlemen interested, as amateurs, in the cultivation of musical taste by means of high-class performances of standard works, combined with due recognition of contemporary talent, be invited to join the Society as "*Fellows*" (F.P.S.) on the following terms:—

Entrance Fee Five Guineas.

Fellows will be entitled, on payment (optional) of half-a-guinea at the commencement of any season, to admission for themselves or their nominees to the full rehearsals immediately preceding the concerts of that season.

Ladies and gentlemen desirous of election as *Fellows* must be recommended by three members or associates of the Society, a list of whose names can be obtained on application by letter to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr Charles E. Stephens, 37, Howley Place, Maida Hill, W., or the Honorary Secretary, St. James's Hall, W.

(By Order)

HENRY HERSEE,
Honorary Secretary.

LIÈGE.—A Belgian paper wants to know whether Vervier, the birthplace of Vieuxtemps, is especially favourable to the production of violinists, seeing that a boy, aged six, son of Nicolas Herman, professor of music, has been admitted a member of Thompson's violin class at the Conservatory. Out of fifty-three candidates for admission, this infant phenomenon was one of the nineteen elected.

ST JAMES'S HALL.
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1882-83.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, 1883,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Trio, in C major, Op. 87, for pianoforte violin, and violoncello, first time (Brahms)—Mr Charles Hallé, M^{me} Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti; Recit. ed Aria, "Lusinghe più care," *Alessandro* (Handel)—Miss Thudichum; Sonata, in F sharp, Op. 78, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé.

PART II.—Sonata, in G major, Op. 96, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Mr Charles Hallé and M^{me} Norman-Néruda; Song (Franz)—Miss Thudichum; Quartet, in B flat, Op. 64, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—M^{mes} Norman-Néruda, M^m L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, JANUARY 20, 1883,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in E flat, Op. 44, No. 3, for two violins, vio^{la}, and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^m L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Air, "A l'aidée" (Beethoven)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Impromptus, Op. 142, Nos. 1, 2, and 4, for pianoforte alone (Schubert)—Mr Charles Hallé; Sonata, in A major, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin (Bach)—Mr Charles Hallé and M^{me} Norman-Néruda; Serenade, "Awake, awake" (Piatti)—Mr Edward Lloyd—violin, vio^{la}, and violoncello (Beethoven)—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^m Straus, and Piatti.

Accompanist—MR ZERBINI.

DEATHS.

On January the 8th, at the Vicarage, Kippax, Yorkshire, the REV. EDWARD DAVISON BLAND, second son of the late THOMAS DAVISON BLAND, Esq., of Kippax Park, in his 70th year.

On January the 8th, at Chidcock Manor, Dorsetshire, APOLLONIA, eldest daughter of the late THOMAS DAVISON BLAND, Esq., of Kippax Park.

On January the 10th, at 75, Cornwall Gardens, Queen's Gate, NOEL MANSEL, the infant son of C. W. MANSEL LEWIS, of Stradey Castle, Carmarthenshire.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1883.

Canard.

Mr Gye was coming from Philadelphia to New York to meet M^{me} Albani, when, during a slight detention of the train, he left the car for a moment, and, on returning, he missed a satchel containing property worth fifty thousand dollars.



On Change.

DR SHIPPING.—CANARD!

DR QUINCE.—CANARD!

DRS S. AND Q. (ensemble).—CANARD!

[Canard!—? P.]

[Exeunt severally.]

THE MUSICAL SEASON.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

A year ago the musical world was looking forward to a season of uncommon activity in London. Close ahead awaited us, not only the accustomed Italian opera, but two rival enterprises of Teutonic origin, having the glorification of Wagner, and the confusion of his enemies, as their end and aim. As for concerts, they stood so thickly in the calendar of the spring and summer that it was hardly possible to see daylight between them, and prudent people shook their heads at the folly of such reckless multiplication. The season came and went. It brought excitement, and it left satiety. It pricked the bubble of delusions, and established solid fact. It disappointed sanguine hopes, and showed the groundlessness of certain fears. After it followed an inevitable reaction. Musical society heard without emotion that one German *impresario* had burnt his fingers, that a second had fallen bodily into the fire; and that all others, German or not, had suffered more or less. The would-be wise said, "We told you so," and the judicial affirmed, "It serves them right," while the great majority were glad to dismiss the matter from their minds. Hence the languor of the present moment, which is scarcely one of anticipation at all. If amateurs look forward now, they see little to kindle their enthusiasm or to arouse their apprehension. A few familiar objects meet the eye; the rest is vacuity, and the musical season of 1883 bids fair to rank with the dullest on record. We must, however, take note of one bright spot. For a brief period in the coming spring Mr Carl Rosa will hold possession of Drury Lane Theatre, and there, it is understood, will bring out some new operas—one certainly, two perhaps, of native origin. Rumour bids us look for a lyric drama, *Colombo*, from the joint pens of Dr. Franz Hueffer and Mr A. Mackenzie, promising also another, *Esmeralda*, in which Mr Goring Thomas will appear, for the first time, as an operatic composer. With these, if report be true, Mr Carl Rosa is directly and immediately concerned, whatever may be his interest in the works upon which Mr Villiers Stanford and Mr F. H. Cowen are now engaged. It is pleasant to find English musicians devoted to such serious and important work, and to acknowledge the spirited action of Mr Rosa in opening for them a "door of utterance." All the same we must not be over sanguine of results, nor be duped by the talk of those who hold forth as though the present revival were something altogether unknown. The generation now fallen into the sere and yellow leaf had also its "promise of May," and did no mean things on the English stage. Macfarren, Loder, Barnett, Balfe, Wallace—these were the men who laboured in the near past, and it will be well if their successors leave behind so fair a fame as they did. We shall be told, perhaps, that the composers now working for English opera have before them a higher and a better model than their predecessors, and labour in the effulgence of modern light. Well, the tree is judged by its fruits, and we only ask that the produce in this case shall be a natural and spontaneous growth, not mere imitation of that which eccentricity and effrontery have made notorious.

The immediate prospects of Italian opera are not bright, and its season will consist of about eleven weeks at Covent Garden Theatre. From this it may be argued that Italian opera has fallen into disfavour, since short supply usually means restricted demand. Let us not rush to conclusions even on a matter apparently so plain. There are several points to be considered here, and one is that Italian opera in London has drifted into the hands of speculators, who treat it as part of an extended enterprise embracing both sides of the Atlantic, and who have deftly secured a monopoly by shutting the only houses where competition is possible. With Her Majesty's Theatre under their own control, and Drury Lane "arranged," the Royal Italian Opera Company (Limited) are masters of the position so far as to be able to lay their own plans without fear of rivals as well as without much reference to the public. Moreover the genuine popularity of Italian opera has been eaten into by a long course of inattention to artistic considerations. We have had slipshod performances by artists for whose prevailing mediocrity no "star" could atone. This on the one side and such proof as the German opera afforded of

what gain comes from studied efficiency on the other, have no doubt brought Italian opera into disrepute. The feeling, however, is against the prevailing manner of its representation rather than in opposition to the thing itself. We altogether refuse to believe that a lyric stage which in London presents the masterpieces of Italy, France, and Germany, using the most mellifluous language in the world, can lose its charm. An exception sometimes made to the employment of the Italian language illustrates the unpractical criticism that now threatens to bring all music under the influence of doctrinaires. Those who say that a German opera should invariably be sung in German, a French opera in French, and so on, have scarcely reflected upon what would be the upshot of their advice. We cannot have a separate company for each nationality, and the next best course is to present operas, no matter whence they originate, in the language which is essentially that of vocalists everywhere. No offence against a vital principle of art is here involved, because, on the lyric stage, where music must in the very nature of things predominate, the actual spoken word is of small importance. Richard Wagner has written that "when music is heard with singing added thereto it is not the poetical thought, which, especially in choral pieces, can hardly be articulated intelligibly, that is grasped by the auditor, but at best only that element of it which, to the musician, seemed suitable for music, and which his mind transmuted into music." Nor does music, despite the rules promulgated in some quarters, follow words with such subserviency that intimacy with the verbal text is required for comprehension of the general meaning. As Otto Jahn well observes: "The musician has something more to do with respect to the words of his text than to colour given outlines. The conceptions which the poet has formed, with the consciousness that they could only attain complete independence by their combination with music, must be absorbed by the musician, and reproduced in the forms appointed by the nature of his art." It is a fact established by all experience that the actual language of opera remains a secondary matter; the mind, having a knowledge of character and situation, finding in the music complete expression. On this account we are not likely to witness a popular crusade against opera in Italian, nor to see it neglected because it is in Italian, until we have English-speaking artists and a national stage able to compete with the best that comes to us from abroad. We decline to prophesy the future of an institution so liable as Italian opera to the freaks of speculative enterprise, but that it has a future in this country few can doubt. Indeed, we cannot, with all its faults, afford to lose it, lest upon the ruins thereof a worse thing be established.

Among the concert-giving enterprises of the coming season a Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace looms large. The Sydenham managers have now the entire responsibility upon their own shoulders; but, though the old Sacred Harmonic Society no longer exists to share both labour and profit, the experienced men who controlled that institution will, no doubt, lend their aid, and once more secure for England and English executive art a triumph such as the boasted musical nations of the Continent have never essayed to rival. It is understood that Sir Michael Costa will again act as conductor. This must needs be. Proverbial philosophy teaches that no man is indispensable; but, while we do not challenge the rule, we present Sir Michael Costa, in his relation to the Handel Festival, as an exception. It is difficult to conceive the finding of one equal with him to a task which demands coolness, firmness, resource, and, indeed, all the qualities of a great general, including those indefinable characteristics that inspire confidence and devotion. The Festival programme will, presumably, include *Israel in Egypt* and *The Messiah*, which are to it what King Charles's head was to Mr Dick's memorial. We do not ask for the setting aside of those monumental works, but only that the miscellaneous selection on the second day may contain as many unfamiliar choruses as possible, and as few solos as convenient. Of concerts, in London proper, the established societies, old and new, will take good care. The Philharmonic once more tempts fortune and woos the smile that has been so long withheld. Mr Ganz may possibly be again in the

field, with the orchestral performances liberally devoted by him to furthering the gospel of higher development. Herr Richter, too, re-appears, to give concerts, as last autumn, in his own name. The Viennese conductor will be welcome, if only because he sets a standard of efficiency by which the public can judge in other cases. A hearty greeting awaits Henry Leslie's Choir, erstwhile fallen, but now, having gathered strength by contact with mother earth, ready again to do battle for English vocal music, under the skilful leadership of Mr Randegger. Let us hope that victory awaits it; and also the new Sacred Harmonic Society, whose first season is close at hand. We could ill spare an institution devoted, like this, to the performance of oratorio in the heart of London, where there is opportunity not only for its exertions, but also for those of Mr Willing's Choir, assuming, of course, that enterprise and skill be not lacking in either case. The character of the season's music can only be surmised; but in all probability those influences will determine it which, both at the Crystal Palace and Popular Concerts, have given preference to classical works over those of the hurly-burly school. We have been fed on condiments a good deal lately, and there is a natural craving for more simple and nutritious food. Gladly, therefore, will amateurs welcome a change from death rides, skeleton dances, goblins, devils, and the whole medley of things horrible and sensual in an art sometimes called divine. If the coming season have this in store, we shall forgive it for being less exciting than its predecessor.

—o—
BERLIN.

(Correspondence.)

On the 2nd inst., Wilhelm Taubert, Royal *Obercapellmeister*, officiated for the last time as conductor of the *Sinfonie-Soirées* at the Royal Operahouse. These were started by him forty years ago, when he shared the conductorship with C. W. Henning and Mendelssohn. Later on Taubert undertook it exclusively himself. He has directed 347 performances out of 368. As he advanced on the present occasion to the conductor's desk, tastefully decorated with greenery, he was greeted with three ringing cheers. After the overture to *Egmont*, which headed the programme, Horkel, a *Geheimrath*, read an address numerously signed by subscribers to the Concerts, the audience, rising from their seats, again unanimously cheering. Greatly moved by this sympathetic demonstration the veteran musician expressed his gratitude in a few earnest words. Mozart's Symphony in C ("Jupiter") followed, and then Taubert addressed the members of the orchestra, thanking them for the hearty co-operation they had always afforded him, without which the Concerts could never have achieved their success. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor concluded the programme. Radecke made a speech in the name of the orchestra; a laurel wreath was handed to Taubert; more cheering followed, and the traditional "flourish" resounded through the building. Taubert again briefly expressed his thanks, and the proceedings terminated.

MDME ALBANI will join Mr Mapleson's company in Chicago.

On Christmas Day, Mdme Christine Nilsson presented the Swedish Church at Denver, U.S., with a cheque for 300 dollars.

VERDI wrote a letter of condolence to M. Gambetta, the elder, on the death of his illustrious son.

ANNETTE ESSIOFF has completed her concert-tour in South Russia. It was one uninterrupted series of triumphs. Are we in London never again to hear this accomplished pianist?

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT has organized a plan for the promotion and encouragement of the composition of operas by British composers, which will be submitted at the earliest period to the committee of the Royal College of Music. Coming from the practical hand of Sir Julius Benedict the scheme will no doubt meet with earnest attention from all connected with English musical art.

GENOA.—It is said that a deceased Marquis, who took much interest in the musical education and career of Teresina Tua, has left the gifted young violinist a sum of money, together with a collection of musical instruments, ancient and modern.

CONCERTS.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These concerts, owing to the decision of the Metropolitan Board of Works, that certain structural alterations must be made immediately in the building, terminate on Monday evening next. On last Wednesday's "Classical Night," the Symphony was Spohr's "Power (or Consecration?) of Sound," and the overture, Beethoven's *Leonora* (*Fidelio*), Handel's "Largo," arranged for violins, harp and organ, the solo parts being entrusted to the competent hands of Messrs Viotti Collins, Cheshire, and F. Cliffe (violin, harp and harmonium), Weber's "Concert-stück," with Signor Tito Mattei as pianist, Rameau's "Rigaudon de Dardanus," and Beethoven's Romance in F (violin, Mr Viotti Collins), completed the instrumental pieces. The singer was Madame Rose Hersee, who made her first appearance since her long indisposition. The favourite young artist, our readers will be pleased, we are sure, to hear, was in complete possession of her powers, giving full expression to the arch young page's song in Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, "Nobil Signor," and winning unanimous applause and a hearty recall at its conclusion. The second part of the programme contained Donizetti's overture to *I Martiri*, a selection from Bizet's popular opera *Carmen*, with solos by Messrs Radcliff, J. Clinton Howard Reynolds, Guilmartin, and H. Smith, (flute, clarinet, cornet, euphonium, and oboe), a minuet by Boccherini, as well as other instrumental pieces. Besides these, Signor Tito Mattei played two of his most popular pianoforte solos. ("L'Elégante," together with a "Waltz-Galop de Concert," encored), and Madame Hersee sang Charles Horn's once famous song "Cherry Ripe," which the audience wished to hear again but Madame Hersee gave them in place of it "There were three old maids of Lea." Mr Gwyllym Crowe conducted and got through his task remarkably well, notwithstanding some of his best instrumentalists were absent, assisting Mr Barnby at his performance of Haydn's *Creation*, at the Royal Albert Hall.

MR ARTHUR L'ESTRANGE gave an evening concert at Steinway Hall on Wednesday, 17th January, with the assistance of Miss E. Dickson, A. Kean, and Mr J. Pietroni, vocalists; Mr George W. Collins, violin; Mr Van Der Straeten, violoncello; Sir Julius Benedict, Miss Florence Waud, and Mr B. Barrow Dowling, pianoforte. Mr Arthur L'Estrange, together with Messrs G. W. Collins and Van der Straeten, began the concert with the *Andante*, *Scherzo*, and *Allegro* movements from Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, and concluded it with a *Wienlied* by Henselt, and his own clever "Chant des Matelots." Besides the pieces we have named, Mr L'Estrange gave some compositions by Schumann and Chopin, Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, for pianoforte alone, Benedict's duet on an air from *Der Freischütz* (with Miss Florence Waud), the *Andante* and *Finale* from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata (with Mr G. W. Collins), joining Miss Florence Waud, Mr B. B. Dowling, and Sir Julius Benedict in "Benedict's Andante and Chopin's Posthumous Mazurka," arranged by Sir Julius for four performers on two pianofortes, receiving well merited applause after each performance. The most successful songs were Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen" (Mr John Pietroni, accompanied by the composer), Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair" (Miss Emmeline Dickson), and Mr Georg Asch's new song, "Hide and Seek," which Miss Alice Kean, a rising young vocalist, gave with all the well-known effects that are necessary to, and that have already obtained, popularity for Mr Georg Asch's clever song. The room was well filled by an appreciative audience, and the concert gave perfect satisfaction.

MR AGUILAR's performance of Pianoforte Music took place at his residence, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, on Wednesday morning, January 17. His programme consisted of—

Sonata, Op. 29, No. 2 (Beethoven); "Ophelia" (Aguilar); Allegro Grazioso (Sterndale Bennett); a transcription of the "Night Song," from his Cantata, *Summer Night* (Aguilar); "At Last"—melody—(Aguilar); Fugue in D minor (Scarlatti); Sonata in E (Aguilar); Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn); Rhapsodie Hongroise (No. 9) (Liszt); Sarabande (from Violin Sonata), and Gigue (from Orchestral Suite) (Bach—Aguilar); Dream Dance, and Couleur de Rose (Aguilar).

Mr Aguilar's performances gave great satisfaction to a crowded audience, who, indeed, wanted Mr Aguilar to repeat several of the compositions, especially the melody "At Last," but he could not be prevailed upon—and very properly—to accept "encores."

MRS SUTTON SHARPE gave a concert on Wednesday evening, Jan. 10, at the Fitzroy Temperance Hall, "aux Francais à Londres," with which they were evidently delighted. Mrs Sutton Sharpe sang "Les cloches du soir," by Laurent de Rille, and "Les Rameaux" by Faure; Mr Thomas Sharp sang "Les Adieux" (Schubert), and "Les Roses" (Berthe), Mrs Sutton Sharpe and Mr Spencer Tyler gave some duets, including Nicolai's "Un Mot" (One Word). Besides the pieces named Mrs R. E. Tyler sang Gounod's "Ou

voulez vous aller," and Mrs Sutton Sharpe played "La Regatta Veneziana" (Liszt). Many songs were also given in English by Mr and Miss Tyler, and Mdle Barbier played Boyton Smith's "Mill Wheel." The concert was heartily enjoyed and much thanks are due to Mrs Sutton Sharpe for her kindness in organizing such a musical treat.

PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—Not less than from 1200 to 1500 persons assembled in the Victoria Hall on Saturday night, January 6, to hear Dr Spark's musical tribute to the memory of Gambetta. The programme contained things new and old. There was the Funeral March from Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, followed by two numbers from Mozart's "Requiem." Then came a new funeral march (in F minor and major), from the album of Xaver Scharwenka (Op 43), The Dead March (Saul), the funeral march that Mendelssohn composed for a military band—after which the audience joined heartily in singing the hymn, "Brief life is here our portion." Handel's, "Angels ever bright and fair," was then played so exquisitely that it was instantly redemanded. The effect of this long, yet sadly pleasing, "tribute" would have been oppressive without relief of some sort; so, to lighten feelings a trifle overwrought, we had "Rule Britannia," "La Marseillaise," and the National Anthem to conclude with, the assemblage giving vent to its pent-up emotion by singing a verse of "God save the Queen."

LIVERPOOL.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 13, the Carl Rosa company gave the *Trovatore* with great success. The parts were distributed as follows:—Manrico, Mr Barton M'Guckin; Count di Luna, Mr Leslie Crotty; Fernando, Mr Henry Pope; Ruiz, Mr W. Emond; Azucena, Miss Jos. Yorke; Inez, Miss Ella Collins; and Leonora, Mdme Marie Roze. Mdme Roze is well suited to the character of Leonora. She acted and sang remarkably well, especially the Tower scene, obtaining, in conjunction with Mr M'Guckin, a vociferous encore for the "Miserere." Mr Leslie Crotty gained for the popular air, "Il balen del suo sorriso," the accustomed applause, and the band and chorus under the conductorship of Mr Pew were everything that could be desired. The house was crowded in every part. Mr Carl Rosa's season concludes this evening (Saturday), with the fifth representation of *Mignon*. The other operas presented during the week were Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* (fifth time), Gounod's *Faust* (second time), Wallace's *Maritana* (fourth time), Donizetti's *La Favorita* (second time). Last Saturday night's opera was Verdi's *Il Trovatore* (its only performance this season). Of the twenty-four representations during the season—says the *Courier*—(the *matinée* on Boxing-day compensating for the absence of opera on the previous day, when a sacred concert was given) five each will have been devoted to Michael Balfe and Ambrose Thomas, four to Vincent Wallace, three to Donizetti, two each to Verdi, Gounod, and Boieldieu, and one to Beethoven. At the conclusion of their brilliant season here the Carl Rosa company proceed to Yorkshire, opening at Bradford next Monday night with *Fidelio*, in which Mdme Marie Roze will sustain the title part.—The appearance of Mr Joseph Maas, and the other special attractions announced for Mr Wm. Lea's special concert last Saturday night at the Philharmonic Hall—the same journal informs us—sufficed to draw a large audience. Mr Maas, who is certainly in the front rank of vocalists, met with a most enthusiastic reception. He sang Ascher's "Alice, where art thou," Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen," and Braham's "The Anchor's Weighed," with all his customary skill and finish.

WORCESTER.—There was a good attendance of members at Tuesday's (Jan. 9th) meeting of the glee club, held, as usual, at the Crown Hotel. The fact that four of the pieces given were encored proved that the efforts of the vocalists were highly appreciated. During the evening a list of the subscribers, richly illuminated by Mr E. C. Davies, accountant, was presented to the club. Mr Hopkins moved, and Mr J. V. Stallard seconded, a vote of thanks to Mr Davies, who, in reply, thanked the company for their hearty appreciation of his gift, and stated that the work had been done under his supervision by one of his staff.—The concert of the Worcester Musical Society, originally fixed for January the 23rd, is unavoidably postponed until Friday, the 26th, when Macfarren's *May Day*, Beethoven's Symphony in D (No. 2), "Dance of nymphs and reapers" (Sullivan), and a Concert Overture in F by H. W. Wareing, Mus. Bac., will be given. The society has had to regret the loss of Mr Caldicott's most valuable services, and we trust that, having chosen so competent a successor as Mr Herbert W. Wareing, the members will be encouraged to continue taking a warm interest in the society's work, and that the number of subscribers will be largely increased.

READING.—At the performance of *The Redemption* lately given in this town, the *Reading Mercury* remarks that the most effective of the choral numbers were the mocking chorus, "Ha! Thou that dost declare," "The reproaches," "While her watch she is keeping," "For us the Christ is made a victim availing," "Unfold, ye portals," and "The Word is flesh become." The opening number of the third part—with soprano solo—was also splendidly rendered. Miss José Sherrington, whose highly trained soprano voice is always admired, sang faultlessly, and—but for the sacred character of the piece—would have been loudly applauded. Miss D'Alton, Mr Bernard Lane—an old favourite in Reading—and Mr Beale acquitted themselves admirably.

EDINBURGH.—There was a crowded audience at Sir Herbert Oakeley's Organ Recital on Thursday afternoon, January 11. Besides a very large number of students and their friends, there were present—The Lord Provost and friends, Hon. A. Murray, Lady Grant, Lady Riddell, Lady and Miss Halkett, Sir J. Noel and Lady Paton, Sir Thomas and Lady Boyd, Lord Kinnear, &c. We subjoin the programme:—

Prelude and Fugue in G for Organ (Bach); (a) Minuet, "Berenice," (b) Chorus, "Happy Pair," *Alexander's Feast* (Handel); Romanza, from Symphony "La Reine de France" (Haydn); Song, "Adelaide" (Beethoven); Andante Religioso, Allegretto, Finale—Organ Sonata, No. 4 (Mendelssohn); Allegretto, in F minor, No. 3, Op. 94 (Schubert); Lento and Andante, "Von seligen Geistern" (The Good Spirits) *Orpheus* (Gluck); March in C, Suite No. 6, Op. 150 (Lachner).

In the evening, the first of what is intended to be a series of annual concerts by students, in aid of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, took place—says *The Courier*—in Queen Street Hall, and was encouragingly successful, from a musical point of view. Financially, however, it was scarcely so heartening as might have been wished. The attendance was fairly large, but the programme announced, no less than the object which the concert was held to promote, might at least have brought out an audience which would have filled the hall. The programme was a well-chosen one, and in its execution the students had the vocal assistance of Miss Middleton and Miss Annie Grey.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

Madame Sophie Menter was the pianist at the concert given on Monday night, and played as her solo Chopin's well known Polonaise in A flat. She thus challenged comparison with her immediate predecessor, M. Pachmann, on the ground where he is most at home. In one respect no risk was run, though the audience may have thought that Chopin had already received a sufficient amount of attention for the time being. As an executant Madame Menter has not the slightest need to lower her colours before the Russian or any other artist. She can do upon the pianoforte key-board all that is possible, and a good deal which seems impossible, but whether she thoroughly enters into the mind of Chopin, and answers to his ideas and moods with the ready, almost instinctive, sympathy shown by M. Pachmann is a question as to which different opinions may be entertained. On the other hand, the power and brilliancy manifested in her rendering of the Polonaise admitted of no dispute. Some amateurs may even have classed the performance with that of Herr Rubinstein, in whose rather limited stud of *chevaux de bataille* the work has a place. The concerted piece for the pianoforte was Schumann's Quartet in E flat—a very old favourite at these concerts. Here Madame Menter played with Madame Néruda, Herr Holländer, and Signor Piatti; all of whom, in excellent combination, did justice to music of rare beauty and significance. Mozart contributed the string quartet, choice falling upon that in F, known as No. 8, though really the twenty-seventh of its kind from the pen of the indefatigable Salzburger. The work is, happily, too well known for discussion, just as its beauty is too obvious for demonstration. It was heard for the fifth time in St. James's Hall, with the pleasure inseparable from an adequate presentation of art in its purest form. Madame Néruda, who led it perfectly, played as her solo Corelli's sonata in D major, once more using that quaintly interesting composition as a means wherewith to excite the utmost enthusiasm for her skill. The gifted lady is doing better this season than ever, and showing herself mistress, not only of her difficult instrument, but of all the styles in which masters have written for it. Mr Henderson, the vocalist of the evening, has a tenor voice of light and agreeable quality, which he used to advantage in Schubert's "Serenade" and Handel's "Love in her eyes." Mr Zerbini accompanied on the pianoforte as usual.—D.T.

THE WONDROUS POWER OF SONG.

TO SIR HERBERT S. OAKELEY, M.A., Mus. Doc., LL.D., Professor of Music in the University of Edinburgh; on hearing him extemporize on his magnificent organ on the melody of "The Canadian Boat Song."

That sweet and tender strain,
Oh! breathe that melody again,
And waft my spirit to that distant
land,
Where Nature smiles so beautiful and
grand,
And lofty, rugged mountains
rise,
In homage to the skies.

That dear and tender strain,
That brings to memory again
The scenes and songs of that delight-
ful clime,
Where great creation's glory, in its
prime,
Awakes the soul to noble praise,
As on its scenes we gaze.

Play on! and let the spell
Within my raptured bosom dwell,
That I, in pleasing fancy, may
recall
What in my early life I loved, and
all
The blissful thoughts that filled my
mind,
Of friends both true and kind.

It comes—the vision floats
Before my view, and mellow
notes
From peaceful evening chimes, per-
vade the air;
And boatmen's voices loud and clear
are there,
To mingle with the dripping oar,
Far from the verdant shore.

The distant woods are dim,
The sunset glows—and sweet the
hymn
Of summer evening at St Ann's is
sung.
Far o'er the limpid stream, by old
and young,
Is heard the welcome, loved
refrain,
"Row, brothers, row," amain.

No sail did they unfurl,
No breezes yet the blue waves curl;
The gentle wind dies on the distant
plain,
Then all united, ply the oar again;
And as they row, the stream runs
fast,
The rapids soon are past.

On Ottawa's fair tide,
In lovely moonlight, now they
glide;
And humbly, to the saint of that
green isle,
They breathe the fervent wish, that
she would smile
In love on them, and grant their
prayers,
For kind and favouring airs.

The pleasing vision fled,
The spell had faded now, that shed
A magic influence o'er my spirit's
flight,
And blest may being with supreme
delight.
Such rapture flows from sounds
Divine,
Oakeley, the praise is thine!

How pure thy numbers roll!
How thrilling to the pious soul,
That longs to soar away on angel
wings;
Or list some seraph as she sweetly
sings,
The tender strains from sacred
joy,—
Love's dearest, best employ.

Oh! wondrous power of song,
To cheer the drooping heart along
The rugged pathway of this mortal
life;
To point to brighter lands, unknown
to strife,
The dwelling-place of peace and
love,
The Christian's home above.

A. YOUNG, F.R.S.E.,

Author of "There is a Happy Land."
&c.

22, Elm Row, Edinburgh,
8th December, 1882.

NEW YORK.—While travelling by train to this place from Philadelphia, Mr Ernest Gye was robbed of his pocket book containing above £10,000, and, what he regretted even more, a pair of diamond earrings presented to Mdme Albani by the Czar, Alexander II.—(Canard?—Dr Blidge.)

POINT-À-PITRE.—The Theatre here has been burnt down. The fire is supposed to have been caused by homeless vagrants, who used to find their way into the building and sleep there. The fire of 1874, which destroyed three-fourths of the city, respected the Theatre. The loss is estimated at more than three million francs.

PARIS.—Mr Charles Oberthür the accomplished harpist is here, and gives a concert in the Salle Erard, on Monday evening, Jan. 22nd, when his trio in F minor, for harp, violin and violoncello will be played, as well as his duet for two harps, on airs from Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*. Mr Oberthür will be assisted by MM. Nadaud and Loeb, (violin, and violoncello), and Mr Alphonse Hasselmans, who will play the Huguenot duet with Mr Oberthür. The singers will be Mdme Nadaud and Mons L. Valdec. Mr Oberthür has received from Edouard Strauss, of Vienna, a letter in which he says that at his Benefit Concert in that city, Madame Pistor-Moser played Mr Oberthür's concertstück, "Orpheus," for harp and orchestra, with brilliant success, and that it was repeated by desire, at the Musikverein Saal a short time afterwards, with equal effect.

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 12.

1788.

(Continued from page 29.)

Signor Rubinelli and Madame Mara, having no engagements this season at the Italian Opera, and the two new singers not being expected till April, comic operas were given till the arrival of Signor Marchesi, a singer of great fame on the continent, and Signora Giuliani. The first comic opera, entitled *La Locandiera*, was produced on the 15th of January; its music was composed by Cimarosa. This music is not perhaps the best of Cimarosa's efforts; but the admirable performance of Morelli and Storace made ample amends for every deficiency. Another new comic opera was performed on the 4th of March, under the title of *Le cameriere astute*. The music of this opera (the first of S. Storace) is elegant and pleasing. On Saturday, the 5th of April, Signor Marchesi and Signora Giuliani made their first appearance in a new serious opera of Sarti's, *Giulio Sabino*. Marchesi possessed a good voice and youthful figure; his voice (a soprano) was powerful, rich, and clear, and his style was elegant, and peculiarly his own. If his singing was a little too florid, his science and genius enabled him to display a continual variety which afforded high gratification. He was listened to with great attention, and was throughout the opera much applauded by an elegant and crowded audience. Signora Giuliani sang with great taste and expression.

The Oratorios, by command of their Majesties, at Tottenham Street, commenced on Friday, the 8th of February, with Handel's *Solomon*. Those at Drury Lane Theatre, under the direction of Mr Linley, Dr Arnold, and Madame Mara, began the same night. The singers were Messrs Reinhold, Dignum, Mrs Crouch, Miss George, and Madame Mara. The concertos were performed by me on the oboe, and Mr Mara on the violoncello. Mr Mara in his performance displayed more rapidity than taste, and his attitude whilst playing was not very graceful. It gave one the idea of a coachman on his box in the act of driving. When the Maras were at Berlin, it came to the ear of Frederick the Great, at whose court they were retained, that Mara had lately beaten his wife with such violence that she had been prevented from singing before his Majesty from a discoloured eye. On this the monarch sent for him, and, rebuking him severely, told him, that as he was so fond of beating, he should be indulged in his propensity, and accordingly sent him as a drummer to one of his regiments for a month.

The professional concert commenced at the Hanover Square Rooms on Monday, the 11th of February. Mr Harrison and Mrs Billington were the singers. The concertos were by Cramer on the violin, and Clementi on the pianoforte. Cramer displayed all that rich, powerful tone, neat execution, and commanding style which so eminently distinguished him; and Clementi that rapid and surprising execution which proved that he was truly ambidexter, his left hand keeping pace with his right in the most difficult passages. Without meaning to depreciate, it may be observed, that in cultivating the pianoforte two of the most difficult qualities to attain on other instruments are avoided. I mean, those of producing a fine tone and playing perfectly in tune. And it must be obvious to every one, that if the tone of the pianoforte is not in itself good, and that it is not well in tune, the performer cannot while playing on it, as on other instruments, render it otherwise; one quality depending on the maker, the other on the tuner of it. A pianoforte player, therefore, takes his instrument as a man takes a wife, "for better, for worse," depending on his judgment for the choice of a good one.

The professional concerts were allowed to be of the most perfect and gratifying kind, the band being composed of performers of the first talent in the kingdom, and the company of the most elegant description. At that period the head-dress of the gentlemen had assumed a preposterous appearance, the side curls reaching almost round the back of the head, and the toupee being extremely high and broad. Among the violin players at that concert there was an eccentric character named Hackwood, well known by the nobility, who, at the end of the first act, whilst amusing himself by making whimsical remarks, said to me,—"Do you see that gentleman on the fourth seat, with an enormous bushy head? That's Mr Two-pee; and observe that little thin gentleman now coming up the room, with nine hairs on a side—that's Mr No-pee; and that's his mahogany servant, a black, bringing his lady's shawl after them." This same Hackwood, whose society was much courted on account of his whimsicalities, had drank wine enough in his time to float a ship; notwithstanding which he lived to the age of ninety. He was particularly intimate with the late Sir C—r W—e, a Lincolnshire baronet of large fortune, who, when not laid up by the gout, was a three-bottle man. At a male party given by that gentleman, Hackwood, who had important business to transact on the following morning

early, hearing the clock strike one, arose to depart, on which Sir C—r said, "Hackwood, where are you going so soon?" "Home, sir," replied Hackwood; "it has struck one!" "One!" said Sir C—r; "pooh, nonsense, what's one amongst so many? Sit down, sit down!" Hackwood, however, left the room, followed by the baronet, who swore they would at all events have a parting glass; and sending a servant for a bottle of Hollands gin, they drank it out between them, whilst taking leave at the head of the stairs.

This same Hackwood, though a man of considerable property, was as remarkable for his meanness as his eccentricities, as the following anecdote will show:—After a concert some years ago at Apsley House, the mansion of the late Earl Bathurst (now the Duke of Wellington's), in Piccadilly, when the musicians were departing, Mr Dance said to Hackwood, "Which way are you going?" Hackwood, who on that occasion played the violoncello, replied awkwardly, "I am not going your way." "That is curious indeed," said Dance to a professional friend with him, "for there is not a house west of this in London." They therefore, knowing his avarice, watched Hackwood's coming out, which he presently did, dressed in an elegant suit of blue silk and silver; and to save the expense of a coach or a porter, with the large violoncello in its case on his shoulder, having paraded with it through the hall, to the no small amusement of a multitude of footmen, several of whom had waited on him at the tables of their masters.

This season Madame Mara gave twelve subscription concerts at the Pantheon. The first took place on the 14th of April. The singers were Madame Mara, Mrs Pieltain (late Miss Chenu), and Mr Kelly. Raimondi led the band; Mara sang the recitative and air, "Caro bene quest' addio," with great beauty of voice and expression. Graeff and Fischer played concertos on the flute and oboe.

Vauxhall Gardens opened on the 15th of May with a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music. The songs, composed by Hook, were much applauded. The gardens had been greatly improved and beautified; and, for the first time, bands of horns and clarionets were stationed in various parts of them after the concert, to play whilst the company supped.

In conformity with old custom, the instrumental performers and the male singers employed at Vauxhall Gardens had their summer dinner together at the Royal Oak tavern, near to Vauxhall turnpike. For this meeting the half of a buck had been purchased; but a particular circumstance occasioning the party to be postponed for two or three days, and the weather being very hot, the landlord of the tavern, who had benefited by the *march of intellect*, perceiving the venison to be on the go, advised that it be buried in the earth of his garden for a day or two, in order to stop the *march of putridity*. The haunch, notwithstanding, when placed on the dinner table, had assumed a beautiful emerald tint, and emitted a perfume which, by an involuntary impulse, brought forth all the lavender, vinegrettes, and snuff-boxes of the company. Hook, who displayed as much execution on those instruments yeelp a knife and fork as on the keys of an organ, nothing daunted, fell to, and by the aid of that powerful auxiliary sweet sauce, devoured at least two pounds of it, and was not fit to converse with, except at a distance, for less than a week afterwards.

On the 16th of May, by command of their Majesties, and under the direction of the Earl of Exeter, honorary president, and the noble honorary vice-presidents, a selection from the works of Handel was performed in the Pantheon in the evening, for the benefit of the fund of the Royal Society of Musicians. The principal singers were Signor Marchesi and Mr. Harrison, Signora Storace and Madame Mara. Mr. Cramer led the band, which was composed of the members of the Royal Society.

At Covent Garden Theatre a new opera, in two acts, under the title of *Marian*, was produced on the 22nd of May. It was written by Mrs. Brook, author of *Rosina*. The music of this piece, by Shield, is almost the sweetest he ever composed, particularly the quartet, "Truth exalts the generous soul," "Patty Clover," and the oboe song, sung by Mrs Billington, accompanied by myself, "In which," said a critic, "the voice and instrument appeared each to be striving for pre-eminence."

(To be continued.)

A concert, under the direction of Luigi Mancinelli, is to be given at Venice by the Liceo Musicale in honour of Wagner and Liszt.

ANTIQUARIAN.—The first performance of Italian opera in New York was given in November 1825, by a company under the management of the celebrated tenor, Garcia. The opera was *Il Barbiere*, thus cast: Signorina Garcia, his daughter (afterwards Mdme Malibran), the Countess; Garcia himself, Almaviva; another Garcia, Figaro; yet another Garcia, Berta; and Rosech, Don Bartolo.

WAIFS.

Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, is at Naples.
 Sophie Heilbronn is engaged at Monte Carlo.
 A new theatre has been opened at Temesvar.
 The Teatro Pagliano, Florence, closed unexpectedly.
 George Sand's son-in-law, the sculptor Clésindre, is dead.
 Ermina Borghi-Mamò is engaged for the spring at Seville.
 It is proposed to erect a theatre in the Via S. Zeno, Milan.
 The new Teatro Quirino, Rome, was opened a short time since.
 Etelka Gerster met with a flattering reception at two concerts in Riga.

Signora Teodorini has been suffering from a slight indisposition in Madrid.

There is a talk of giving Arrigo Boito's *Mefistofele* at the Pergola, Florence.

A new musical and theatrical paper, *Il Panorama*, has appeared in Naples.

The season at the Academy of Music, New York, closed with *Il Trovatore*.

Mdme Scalchi's success in New York has been something exceptional.

The total number of theatres now open for opera in Italy is seventy-two.

Emma Turolla has been very successful in *Il Trovatore* at the Scala, Milan.

Mdme Schröder-Hanfstingl is announced to sing at the Philharmonie, Berlin.

Nouvelli, the tenor, has thrown up his engagement at the San Carlo, Naples.

Aug. Klughardt's opera, *Gudrun*, is in rehearsal at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

The Madrid *Crónica de la Música* has been transformed into the *Illustración Musical*.

Petrella's *Precauzioni* has been well received at the Teatro Principal, Barcelona.

Varesi has been much applauded for her performance of *Lucia* at the San Carlo, Naples.

Marianne Brandt has been fulfilling a short engagement at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Anton Dvorak's *Der Bauer ein Schelm* has been performed at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Ponchielli's *Promessi Sposi* has been drawing good houses at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan.

Marin, the tenor, and Verger, the baritone, have cancelled their engagements at the Milan Scala.

Mr F. Archer has resolved to make his "Matinees d'Orgue" a permanent institution in New York.

The Duke of Campo-Medina has purchased Vieuxtemps' collection of violins and bows for 50,000 francs.

Robert le Diable, with Cepeda, Stagno, and David, has proved very attractive at the Liceo, Barcelona.

A performance of Schumann's *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt* was recently given by the Vocal Association, Glauchau.

The manager of the Teatro Avvalorati, Leghorn, failed even before the projected commencement of his season.

The receipts at Mdme Christine Nilsson's concert, on the 3rd inst, at Omaha, U.S., were over four thousand dollars.

No fewer than 23 new operas were forwarded for acceptance at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, during the past year.

The first performance of Gounod's *Tribut de Zamora* at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, was fixed for the 20th inst.

The project of lighting the Teatro Comunale, Trieste, by electricity has been abandoned on account of the expense.

Di Grandi, a pupil of the elder Lamperti of Milan, has left Dresden and settled in Berlin, where he has opened a school of singing.

After a lapse of thirty years, Boieldieu's opera, *La Fête au Village voisin*, has been successfully revived at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Don Nicolás Ledesma, author of numerous classico-religious musical compositions, has died in Bilbao at the advanced age of ninety-two.

There was an outbreak of fire during the second performance of *Excelsior* at the Eden-Théâtre, Paris, but it was speedily extinguished.

Don Teobaldo Power has been appointed to the vacant Pianoforte Professorship in the Escuela Nacional de Música, Madrid.

A new opera, *Il Conte di Geraci*, by Graffeo, is announced at the Teatro Bellini, Palermo, and another *Araby Pascia*, by Sussone, at the Carcano, Milan.

Marcella Sembrich will appear next July at the Grand Opera, Paris, for three nights in *Hamlet*. Her permanent engagement depends on her success.

The present winter operatic season in Italy was "inaugurated" at twenty theatres, including the largest and most important, with works of foreign composers.

Leschetzky's operetta, *Die erste Falte*, was recently produced at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, as was also, on the same night, a new ballet, *An der Beresina*.

Max Bruch is appointed Director of the Orchestral Union, Breslau, in place of Bernhard Scholz, and will enter on his duties next autumn, after his return from America.

The theatre at Manilla having been destroyed by a typhoon, a new one, to be ready in March, is in course of construction. Meanwhile the company are singing at Hong-Kong.

Gluck's *Armide* has been selected for the gala performance at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, in honour of the Silver Wedding of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Germany.

Il Barbieri was recently performed for the first time this season at the Teatro Real, Madrid, the cast including Donadio and Rodriguez, Masini, Battistini, Nannetti, and Fiorini.

Last years' receipts at the Comédie-Française amounted to 2,268,628 francs, and the expenditure to 1,853,998 francs, 74 centimes, leaving a profit of 774,294 francs, 26 centimes.

Halévy's opera, *La Reine de Chypre*, now being played at the Teatro Municipale, Parma, was performed only once before in Italy, namely, at the Pergola, Florence, during the carnival of 1842-43.

The next novelty after *Le Tribut de Zamora* at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, will be Massenet's *Hérodiade*, with Friedrich-Materna (Wagner's Brünnhilde) in the principal female character.

A new four-act opera, *Lauriane*, book by M. Guion, critic of *Le Petit Marseillais*, music by M. Oliveiro, a Lisbon merchant of artistic tastes, has been successfully produced at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.

"Mr Jones," enquired the Visitor, "your clock is not quite right, is it?" "Well, you see sir," said Mr Jones, "nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stands at twelve, then it strikes two, and then I know it's twenty minutes to seven."—(Exercising!)—Dr Blight.)

The current number of Mr Walford's *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer* contains *inter alia*, an interesting article on "An unique MS. collection of Ancient Church Music," contained in the library of the college of Peterhouse, Cambridge. It illustrates the choral service of the Church of England during the period immediately preceding the great rebellion.

THE NEW YEAR'S MISSION.*

She comes from Heaven—she comes to earth,
 To bid the flowers of hope have birth;
 She comes to bid the heart be glad,
 To cheer the spirits that are sad.

She comes, a bright and morning star,
 To those whose lives o'ershadow'd are;
 She comes to scatter blessings vast—
 To bid all vain regrets be past.

She comes to whisper of the love
 That flows to men from God above;
 And He Himself has sent her here—
 She is His gift—the sweet New Year!

SARAH ANN STOWE.

Hereford, January, 1883.

Advertisements.

"THE RETURN OF THE ARMY."

MR. FREDERIC PENNA'S Military Duet for tenor and Bass was sung at the Banquet of the "Irrational Knot," St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6th, by Mr WALTER JARVIS (Amateur) and the Composer. ("The Return of the Army" is published by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street.)

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SONG.

Words by HEINE (English Translation by LONGFELLOW).

Music by

IDA WALTER.

Price 4s.

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Just Published.

GRASP THE FLAG!

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Words by CARLEON.

Music by

HUGH CLENDON.

"Grasp the flag! We fight for England!

Grasp the flag and clear the way;

English men will English honour

Keep untarnished as the day.

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